

a bigger worry. So many things could happen to a small boy of nine on a bike. Dick had probably forgotten he promised to come home early and had stopped to play with some other boys, but then, again, he might try to ride too fast and fall off the bike. His feet barely reached the pedals, and he rode like the wind.

Mrs. Jenkins folded her arms and squinted at a small dot down the highway. It wasn't Dick. It was a car. There wasn't much traffic today, but, still, it would take only one car to crush a boy on a bike. All this worry was unnecessary, she decided. She had cautioned Dick about getting off the highway when cars approached, and he would heed her warning, if for no other reason than to keep his bike safe.

He was proud of that bike. He had worked hard to get it, saving every penny he earned at the store and all the gift money he received. She hadn't wanted him to have a bike until she realized how much he wanted one.

She sighted another dot down the highway. This time it was Dick. He had felt so important when the two of them had gone into town last week to pick out the bike, she thought as she turned away from the highway and walked toward the house. Dick would be home any minute, and she didn't want him to know she was anxious about the bike. Riding a bike was probably as safe as walking. She supposed she would outgrow her anxieties eventually.

Eternal Cycle

MARY CORY

TODAY . . . She walks alone among the ruins of
a shattered state. She thieves, she lies,
she kills, corrupts and hates.

YESTERDAY . . . She laughed and sang, she gave
away with joy what she needed not. She loved
all things, but most of all, her own mirth.

TOMORROW . . . She will profess to strive, but
enjoy her weakness more. One will cross
her in her way and she will not forgive.

Then she will kill and hate, partially mend
the wrong, laugh and sing, falsely strive,
be crossed and not forgive.

Would that she would truly love, and although
crossed, forgive and truly love again.